A

POEM

To His GRACE

LIONEL

DUKE of *DORSET.*

LORD LIEUTENANT of *IRELAND.*

By a COUNTRYMAN.

DUBLIN:

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P O E M

TO THE

L I O N E L,

DUKE of DORSET.

I

TO thee, O Dorset, fraught with patriot
Love,
A County Muse of thee in her hourly Lay,
If not her Verse, her virtuous Theme approve,
A single Smile her Labours can repay.

II

Her Soul dilated with a Flame sincere,
Unfann'd by Adulation's poison'd Tale,
Submissive claims Attention from thy Ear,
For sacred Truth's the Subject of her Tale.

A

POEM

TO HIS GRACE

LIONEL,

DUKE of DORSET.

I.

TO thee, O! DORSET, fraught with patriot Love,
A Country Muſe inſcribes her homely Lay,
If not her Verſe, her virtuous Theme approve,
A ſingle Smile her Labours can repay.

II.

Her Soul dilated with a Flame ſincere,
Unfann'd by Adulations poiſon'd Gale,
Submiſſive claims Attention from thy Ear,
For ſacred Truth's the Subject of her Tale.

III.

With pureſt Love and Gratitude replete,
Ierne's Sons, thy long'd-for Preſence hail,
The warmeſt Wiſhes of a grateful State
Attend the Guardian of it's publick Weal.

IV.

If true Regard, and undeſigning Love,
Exempt from private Views or cringing Arts,
Sincereſt Tranſports of the Soul can prove,
Accept the grateful Tribute of their Hearts.

V.

Long as *Hibernia*'s rocky Cliffs ſhall riſe
Above the Main, and obſtinately brave,
The loud Inclemency of Winter Skies,
And foaming Wrath of the indignant Wave.

VI.

So long recorded ſhall thy God-like CARE *,
Amongſt her Sons enhance thy God-like Fame;
So long thy Virtues ſhall thy Worth endear
And link eternal Honours to thy Name.

VII.

Can we forget when in our Country's Cauſe,
Thy noble Friendſhip ſtrung with nervous Senſe,
Perſwaſive urg'd the Juſtice of thoſe Laws,
That can its ſureſt Benefits diſpenſe.

VIII. When

* *His Grace our preſent Lord Lieutenant, has, ever ſince his Acquaintance with this Kingdom, been a powerful and diſtinguiſhed Pa-*

tron

VII.

When Prejudice detracting from our Worth,
Through *Britain*'s Senate blew the baleful Flame,
How DORSET like our Guardian God ſtood forth,
To ſuccour Truth, and reſcue injur'd Fame.

IX.

Wafted on Elocution's downy Plume,
Eternal Reaſon melting from his Tongue,
Diſpell'd black Calumny's deſtructive Gloom,
And heal'd a People by it's Poiſon ſtung.

X.

Nor could the Breath of Defamation raiſe,
In *Britain*'s Council a ſuſpicious Gale,
Or threat the ſteady Bark with troubled Seas,
And DORSET Pilot of the publick Weal.

XI.

To whom, then ſooner ſhall HIBERNIA ſhow,
Her many Wants, who ſooner will attend,
With Godlike Clemency to ſooth the Woe,
Than THEE, her Chief, her Patron, and her Friend.

XII.

Plac'd far remote from royal GEORGE's Sight,
She pines the diſtant Object of his Care,
Than thou, O MIRROUR of his ſacred Light,
Reflect that Radiance which ſhe ſighs to ſhare.

tron of it, and to his humane and generous Offices are we chiefly indebted, for the ineſtimable Advantages daily accruing from the preſent Indulgence in the Linnen Trade.

XIII.

IERNE's Sons, deſcended from the Blood
Of *Britiſh* Heroes, who by Heav'n inclin'd,
The black Efforts of Slavery withſtood,
And greatly fought the Cauſe of Human Kind.

XIV.

May ſure with humble Confidence expect,
Some kind Diſtinction to their loyal Iſle,
With Awe their Mother-Nation they reſpect,
Let her Indulgence on their Duty ſmile.

XV.

Firm by connective Intimacy join'd,
With her own elder Siſter of the Main,
Alike to ſacred Liberty inclin'd,
Our Souls unſhaken in her Cauſe remain.

XVI.

One bleſt Religion's ſalutary Ray,
Deſign'd by Heav'n for our unerring Guide,
Directs our Actions to eternal Day,
Alike in Manners as in Blood ally'd.

XVII.

No rude unpoliſh'd People ſue for Grace,
Fair Science too inſtructive deigns to ſmile,
A BERKLEY here, can ſecret Nature trace,
We had a SWIFT who lov'd his native Iſle.

XVIII.

A BROOKE, the Soul and Energy of Verſe,
In Majeſty of Thought and Words divine,
Apollo's Self his Numbers might rehearſe,
And feel exalted Joy at every Line.

XIX.

Now ſhines his Country's Ornament and Boaſt:
But ah! great Genius, worthy better Fate,
Thy matchleſs Talents are obſcure and loſt,
Amidſt the cold Neglect of Party Hate.

XX.

Sprung from the rugged Boſom of the Flood,
Ierne's Youth with martial Ardour glow,
Well might their native Valour have withſtood,
The Power, alas! they ſerv'd our *Gallick* Foe.

XXI.

When *Britain*'s free-born Sons, untaught to yield,
On FLANDRIA's * Plains, with matchleſs Fury toſt,
Unnumber'd Legions through the duſty Field,
And made a Tyrant tremble 'midſt his Hoſt.

XXII.

When the bright View of Conqueſt now began,
Conſpicuous through the Blaze of *Britiſh* Might,
And WILLIAM † touring through the glorious Van,
Enjoy'd the dreadful Wonders of the Fight.

XXIII.

Till forc'd to CONQUER § in their Country's Wrong,
The Valour of HIBERNIA's warlike Youth,
At Home rejected as a faithleſs Throng,
Unknown to Virtue, nor ally'd to Truth.

XXIV. Like

* *At* Fontenoy.

† *The Duke of* Cumberland.

§ *It is unanimouſly given up on all Hands, that the* French *King had given neceſſary Orders for a Retreat, and even was ſollicitous for the Safety of his own Perſon; till ſome* Iriſh *Brigades, entertained in his*

XXIV.

Like ſome prodigious Torrent burſting forth,
When Clouds deſcending deluge all the Earth,
Stung with Remembrance of neglected Worth,
Reſolv'd on Victory or glorious Death.

XXV.

With rapid Fury pow'ring on the Plain,
In equal Billows ſtem the *Britiſh* Tide,
Then firſt the Sons of Freedom fought in vain,
For equal Proweſs propt the Tyrant's Side.

XXVI.

Elſe, had that dreadful Foe of *Europe*'s Peace,
By *Europe*'s great Defenders taught to yield,
Ceded with all the Pangs of foul Diſgrace,
The ten-fold Honours of that fatal Field *.

XXVII.

Then judge, O Dorset, (nor offended ſlight
The bold, but juſt Remonſtrance of my Muſe;
The Cauſe of Freedom dictates what I write,
Tho' Want of Judgment may the Theme abuſe.)

XXVIII.

How weak the Policy, how meanly low,
Beneath the Wiſdom of a *Britiſh* State,
To let her braveſt Subjects join a Foe,
Already in their Numbers found too great?

his Service, were ordered (as the laſt Reſort) to repulſe the Engliſh *then bearing down all before them, which they did with ſuch Succeſs, as leaves all true Lovers of their Country to wiſh, that either proper Means were found out to employ ſuch atteſted Bravery in our own Service, or to give its Poſſeſſors (by enlarging the Trade of their Country) ſomething to do at Home.*

* *The melancholy Conſequences of loſing that Battle, are too well known to be further expatiated on.*

XXIX. If

XXIX.

If from Religion's Difference a Doubt
Of their Attachment to our Cauſe ſhould riſe,
Reflection ſure might trace Expedients out,
And ſure unerring Remedy's deviſe.

XXX.

To place their Souls inſeparably fixt,
To thoſe from whom their Origin they trace,
To blend their Int'reſts as their Blood is mixt,
And every preying Jealouſy deface.

XXXI.

The various Species of Religion's Feuds,
That with an endleſs and inſatiate Strife,
Upon the downy Peace of Man intrudes,
And conſtitute the Rubs of human Life.

XXXII.

Derive their Being from a double Cauſe,
OPINIONS Pride, and adverſe PARTY Rage,
From theſe alone they take their dreadful Laws,
For thoſe with reſtleſs Fury they engage.

XXXIII.

The PEDANT bloated with ſcholaſtick Fume,
Conceives his Genius of tranſcendent Force,
And blinded by Opinions ſelfiſh Gloom,
Tho' ſteer'd by Error, holds the fav'rite Courſe.

XXXIV.

Tho' Reaſons light reveals the ſpecious Cheat,
And clear Conviction ſees the obvious Wrong,
He fondly feaſts upon the dear Deceit,
For Pride entices with a *Syren*'s Tongue.

XXXV. The

XXXV.

The Son of Party next deſigning Views,
And ſelfiſh Motives his eternal Trade,
The beaten Track of Intereſt purſues,
Unknown to Virtue, nor by Reaſon ſway'd.

XXXVI.

He makes Religion ſanctify his Guile,
And polliſh o'er the elſe too obvious Stain,
And only careful for the preſent While,
Supinely plies for temporary Gain.

XXXVII.

To ſuch as thoſe let Prudence ſtill deny,
The Truſt of fighting for an injur'd State,
Leaſt innate Vice exterior ſhew belye,
And prove their Falſhood when it is too late.

XXXVIII.

But ſure the Peaſant's rude unletter'd Mind,
Unſkill'd in cavil or pedantick Art,
To ſimple Nature's modeſt Rules confin'd,
Muſt more Aſſurance of hts Truth impart.

XXXIX.

His award ruſtick Form a Soul contains,
Pure and unſully'd by the Guile of Courts,
His Tongue untaught adulatory Strains,
The honeſt Meaning of his Soul imports.

XL.

No rude Ambition ruffles his Repoſe,
His Soul ſubſervient to his Fate he bears,
No Party Fury conſuming Rage he knows,
For Food and Raiment are his humbler Cares.

XLI. When

XLI.

When Reaſon's unſophiſticated Light,
With native Luſtre beams upon the Mind,
Convicted he adopts the obvious Right,
Becauſe his ſimple Doubts are undeſign'd.

XLII.

As the rough Diamond in the Quarry glows,
But with a feeble and imperfect Flame,
Till curious Art the poliſh'd Hue beſtows,
And gives it innate Excellence to beam.

XLIII.

So they by Nature's ſimple Hand deſign'd,
If blended with *Britania*'s Martial Youth,
By quick Colliſion polliſh'd, and refin'd,
Would ſoon diſplay the Light of Native Truth.

XLIV.

IERNE ſeated for commercial Gain,
The weak Efforts of meagre Want derides,
And if allow'd the Freedom of the Main,
Might count freſh Riches from returning Tides.

XLV.

Then view O Briton! Prudently ſurvey
The proffer'd Bleſſing ſet before thy Eyes,
Nor aw'd by groundleſs Terrors ſtill delay,
To graft a certain and a glorious Prize.

XLVI.

Her Sons a Nurſery of Martial Force,
The ſweet Security of Empire brings,
Her Trade, induſtrious Wealth's exhauſtleſs Source,
To taſte Dominion with its golden Wings.

XLVII.

If an Acceſſion of extenſive Pow'r,
Can make a People formidably Great.
If Trade deſcending in a golden Show'r,
Can ſwell the Riches of a wealthy State!

XLVIII.

Enjoy O BRITON! the apparent Good;
Accept the Gift indulgent Heav'n beſtows,
Nor be Her Will by Prejudice withſtood,
Or Paſſion cloud what clear Conviction ſhows.

XLIX.

Can it be deem'd a Crime in us to ſtrive,
For Freedom;——No——it is a virtuous Claim,
The glorious Spirit We from Thee derive;
Let Sympathy approve the God-like Flame.

L.

Freedom the Goal, ah! Whether can we run?
(Unleſs abjectly in our Aim remiſs)
But where the Goddeſs, radiant as the Sun,
Beneficently ſheds deſuſive Bliſs.

LI.

Shou'd no Impulſe from Nature calmly preſs,
A juſt Indulgence on thy Sons to ſmile,
Nor Conſanguinity with kind Redreſs.
Behold the Hardſhips of a Loyal Iſle.

LII.

Yet Self-Concern muſt certainly prevent,
(That private Law impreſs'd by Heav'n's high Hand,
The Soul of Man on Happineſs intent,
To ſlight unerring Nature's great Command.

LIII. Through-

LIII.

Throughout the World, except *Britannia*'s Coaſts,
Oppreſſive Tyranny impels her Sway,
O'er every other Clime her Power She boaſts,
And marks with Ruin her deſtructive Way.

LIV.

To Thee alone has Heav'n aſſign'd the Care,
To ſtem the Torrent of Tyrannick Luſt;
Then rouſe thy Lion to the glorious War,
And act becoming of the arduous Truſt.

LV.

The proud, ambitious *Gaul*, with daring Aim,
Aſpiring, points at univerſal Sway,
His ſpecious Wiles *Europa*'s Peace inflame,
Alluring by Deceit a thoughtleſs Prey.

LVI.

The Strong he flatters, and the Weak he awes,
And ſo adapts his Guile to each Degree;
That every Doubt of Conqueſt he withdraws,
By ſowing Diſcord 'twixt the Brave and Free.

LVII.

You God-like *Briton*, in fair Freedom's Right,
Have oft Victorious to Perdition hurl'd,
The Tyrant Legions with reſiſtleſs Might,
And from Deſtruction ſav'd a threatn'd World.

LVIII.

Yet think, tho' oft beneath thy conqu'ring Sword,
Her ſervile Hoſts with Crimſon Carnage ſpread,
Thoſe deathleſs Plains where *Anna*'s Glory ſoar'd,
Above huge Mountains of their ſlaughter'd Dead.

LIX.

Yet ſtill impell'd by Thirſt of boundleſs Rule,
She plies inceſſant to attain the End;
Nor Loſs of Millions can their Ardor cool,
For Slaves unnumber'd on her Call attend.

LX.

Then ah! reflect but the long Trade of War,
Will give at length the coldeſt Heart to burn.
With Love of Fame and Military Care,
Inſtruct thoſe Slaves to conquer in their Turn.

LXI.

If ſo, adieu to every Joy on Earth,
For ſacred Liberty includes the Whole;
Adieu to Life, and welcome friendly Death,
For if we're Slaves 't muſt be to thy Controul.

LXII.

Then let, O *Briton!* Prudence join'd to Force,
Inſtruct thy Soul to ward the threaten'd Blow,
The Union beſt can ſtem Ambition's Courſe,
And check the Fury of our *Gallick* Foe.

LXIII.

Behold thy Sons who till *Ierne*'s Soil,
Warm'd by a Spirit they from Thee deſcend,
With gen'rous Ardor claim thy glorious Toil;
Ah *Briton!* kindly to their Suit attend.

LXIV.

Their Numbers well might furniſh out a Hoſt.
With every Martial Excellence endow'd,
Their Wealth to amply might defray its Coſt,
Was but Commercial Liberty allow'd.

LXV.

Aided by ſuch a Force thy ſwelling Fame,
Enlarg'd ſhou'd ſoon to deathleſs Honour riſe;
The Love of Nations conſecrate thy Name,
And Virtue lift thy Glory to the Skies.

LXVI.

Great *Jove* too pleas'd to find that Virtue try'd,
His Wiſdom form'd to wage eternal War,
Againſt infernal Tyranny and Pride,
Shall thus engrave thy Motto on a Star.

LXVII.

With Valour, Worth, and Clemency endow'd,
With every ſocial Attribute refin'd,
Exalt the Humble and ſubdue the Proud,
Redeem the fetter'd World and free Mankind.

F I N I S.

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